Crowded by the Modern Progress of New York, Although in the Country When -Memories of Alexander Hamilton and the Duel With Anron Burr Which



Manhattanville stands remark. It is built in the style of other days, and the ragged border of box which runs along the carriagedrive shows the growth of years. Even the sound of a piano that comes through the window, and a clothes-

line well hung with undergarments, do not rob the old house of the dignified repose which it brings down from another genera-

Everything around it, however, tells of the present time and hour. Rows of brand-new ouses face it on every side, imposing structures in rich building material. On the east side a steam roller is pressing the new pavement of Convent avenue, and on the north a street has been cut through which hearly lops off a venerable corner of the house in its impudent haste. An 1887 gost, as modern as possible, saunters in a dudish way up the drive and takes far more interest in a red-flannel shirt dangling from the clothesline than in the sober walls of olive-green which rise beyond green which rise beyond. Back in 1802, when the goat's grandfather

mas a wretched young scapegrace down at coenties slip, a gentleman built this home makes himself out in the sweet solitude of the



country, and took thither his lovely wife and seven fair children. In the warm summer afternoons when the shadows were lengthening on the lawn, he would dash up the King's road, and rein in his smoky horse at the modest porch where his wife would stand to greet him with a kiss, after the hot strife and turnoil of the distant town.

Two years later the gentleman rode forth one morning very early. Later in the day he was brought home and laid upon his bed with an ugly wound in his body. The next day as the sun was pouring its fullest rays upon the broad sward and the tender green of the newly set box, amid the blinding tears of his wife and children he set out on a journey further than to the town below, to a bourne from whence he has never returned.

turned.

He lies now beneath a ton or two of weather-beaten marble in old Trinity. A massive square monument, with pillars at each corner, surmounted by funeral urns and with a pyramidal apex, is the memorial which affection and respect have reared to Alexander Hamilton.

pyramidal apex, is the memorial which affection and respect have reared to Alexander Hamilton.

Yes! the old olive-green house with its bygone associations, that stands half mournfully amid the surrounding activity, was once the statesman's. Here he came in his forty-sixth year, in the full prime of his magnificent powers, a citizen in the strongest sense of the word. He doubtless promised himself many years of peaceful enjoyment in his new house, with no nearer neighbor than Mme. Jumel, three-quarters of a mile higher up on the King's road.

But it was a dream. July 11, 1804, honor drew him forth to face the pistol of an adversary, and in the woody glade at Weehawken Aaron Burr's bullet brought him low.

The old house is a two-storied structure with a basement. It is square, built very plainly with deal boards, and is painted a sort of olive-green. On the east and west sides are verandas for the first story. At the rear, a long flight of stairs runs down sidewise from the back door. The main entrance has the old-fashioned porch. Doubtless Hamilton used to sit there on summer svenings with his wife, the daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler, and look at the clump of thirteen gum-trees which he had planted in honor of the original thirteen States.

The trees stand there still—a little to the southeast of the house, at the left of the front porch. They are just thirteen, and are surrounded by a wooden fence, painted brown.

Turn the large knob of the front door and you find yourself in a small hall. At your

brown.

Turn the large knob of the front door and you find yourself in a small hall. At your right is the library where Hamilton used to sit and ponder over legal tomes and study constitutional points. Next to it, also on the right, is the dining-room. It is a quaint, low-studded room, octagonal in shape, and on the east side is a bay-window. In the doors at the west and north are set panels of mirror-glass. west and north are set panels of mirror-glass, eighteen of them in each door. This is the only notable decorative feature of the room. The woodwork and the white marble mantel,

and fireplace are simplicity itself. The chandelier is evidently a late addition to to

the room.

At the left are the parlor and reception rooms, and in the rear are two other rooms, one of which was possibly a pantry.

The second story contains five bedrooms. They are plain, square rooms, commanding a pleasant outlook, as the house was built on a slightly rising ground.

At One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and Tenth avenue a large wooden sign reads: "Hamilton Grange extends from St. Nicholas Avenue to Tenth Avenue and from One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street to One Hundred and Forty-street to One Hundred and Forty-second street. It is owned by Mr. Cutting, the Wall street broker, who bought it of Mr. De Forest Smith. It is rented to the family of M. J. Foley. Mr. Cutting intends to move the house, as the street cuts in so as to injure the foundations.

M. J. Foley. Mr. Cutting intends to move the house, as the street cuts in so as to injure the foundations.

Hamilton called it "The Grange," after the family estate in Scotland. When he was laying the property out he wrote to Pinckney and got some meion seeds for his garden and some paroquets for his daughter.

"A garden is a very unusual refuge for a disappointed politician," he wrote. He was only forty-eight when Burr's bullet put an end to his interest in melons and paroquets, and his daughter lost her mind over her father's hapless taking off

The simple old house, with its shutters to the lower windows, claims respect in virtue of its former occupant. The lawn is studded with trees. One old fir stands close to it like a sentinel.

The Jumel house, at One Hundred and "The Jumel house, at One Hundred and Sixtieth street: the Peyster mansion, at One Hundred and Thirteenth street; the Apthorp house, at Ninety-second street, and this old Hamilton Grange house, at One Hundred and Forty-second street, should remain as long as time suffers them to stand", is a sentiment often expressed. Their age and historical associations may surely secure them this.

#### SAVED BY A LOOK OF HORROR.

An Elderly Gentleman's Pocket Protecte From a Thief by a Brooklyn Girl's Ryes.

How to disconcert a thief without creating disturbance was shown on a surface car the other day by a young lady well known in Brooklyn society. The car was filled, when a fashionably dressed woman of perhaps twenty-five winters entered and with profuse thanks accepted a seat offered her by an elderly, well-to-do-looking man who, upon gaining his feet, settled his hat more firmly upon his head and resumed the reading of his

upon his head and resumed the reading of his newspaper.

Seated next the woman of good clothes was the Brooklyn girl. The car moved on, and the Brooklyn girl's eyes were directed indifferently first at one and then at another of the passengers. But suddenly her gaze became fixed and surprise, wonder and anxiety each in turn took possession of her countenance; for, reaching into the pocket of the elderly man who had given up his seat, was the hand of the woman who but a moment before had accepted the courtesy.

What to do, for a moment the young lady did not know. If she cried "Stop thief!" or "Your pocket is being picked!" there would be a "horrid row." and she would become mixed up in a "scene;" and then perhaps the hand was only repaying its owner for her "thanks."

the hand was only repaying its owner for her "thanks."
Such thoughts flashed through the young lady's mind while that hand was gently feeling its way deeper and deeper into the old man's pocket. She could bear the suspense no longer. Suddenly leaning forward until her face was directly in front of the thief's, she looked directly into the woman's eyes, and then, turning her head slightly, gazed in a horror-stricken manner at the pocket which contained the hand.

contained the hand.

That settled it. The woman drew a quick breath, snatched her hand from the pocket, pulled the bell-rope and made her exit.

The Brooklyn girl sighed too, but it was a sigh of relief, as she settled back against the cushions and wondered at her own astounding course.

Evolution of Anarchist Oratory. [From the Omaha World.] Socialistic Orator—Yes, my down-trodden fellow

sufferers, the time has come— Crowd—Hooray ! 'The time has come to kill "—— 'To kill "——

Voice—Here comes a policeman.
"To kill the political aspirations of our enems
with our voice."

Just Dropped Into Town. Assemblyman J. W. Stanley, of Rochester, & registered at the Morton House.

Capt. Edward Carter, U. S. A., and J. H. Soulé are registered at the Grand Hotel. C. W. Brega, a prominent commission merel of Chicago, is staying at the Murray Hill Hotel.

Ex-Mayor Scoville, of Buffalo, and E. Gallup, General Manager of the Lake Shore Railroad, have taken rooms at the Windsor. The Bell Telephone Company is represented at the Brevoort by W. W. Swan, F. P. Bish and J. J. Storrow, the company's counsel.

Gen. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, and John K. Cowen, Chief Counsel for the Baltimore and Ohlo Rallroad, are guests at the Victoria. T. G. Frothingham and T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, and Murray Rush, of Philadelphia, are among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Brunswick.

At the New York Hotel : James McShane, M.P. Montreal; Civil Service Commissioner Henry A. Richmond, of Buffalo; M. C. Burke, State Auditor

of Alabama.

Ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth, of New Hampshire, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, accompanied by his wife. Congressman W. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, is at the same house.

George H. Tilden, of New Lebanon, who is contesting the will of his uncle, the late Samuel J. Tilden, is at the St. James Hotel. The contest will come up in court in a few days.

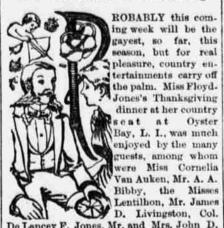
Among other guests at the St. James Hotel are Col. Thos. Potter, of Philadelphia; Major H. E. Whitaker, of Covington, Ky.; George H. Taylor, of Chicago, and James Sloan, jt., of Baltimore.

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH

## SOCIETY'S GAY DIVERSIONS.

AN UNUSUALLY BUSY WEEK OF RECEP TIONS, TEAS AND WEDDINGS.

Country Entertainments Carrying Off the Palm for Real Pleasure-Mr. Henry Kleuter and Miss Mary White to be Married on Wednesday-Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus to Give a Dance This Evening.



ROBABLY this com ing week will be the gayest, so far, this season, but for real pleasure, country entertainments carry off the palm. Miss Floyd-Jones's Thanksgiving dinner at her country

Bay, L. I., was much a "domestic drama of the South." There are guests, among whom

De Lancey F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Jones, Mr. E. M. Smedburg, Mr. Lillelan, Mr. William Van Auken, Mr. Edward Floyd-Jones, Mr. William Wainwright and a num-

ber of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson gave a dinner on Thursday at their country seat in Connecticut.

The rare and beautiful Scotch blue and white bells will be the favored flowers this season for corsage and hand bouquets for the ballroom.

ballroom.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Kieuter and Miss Mary White will take place at 7.30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George White, of 1039 Lexington avenue, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. S. Medburg, of 20 West Twenty-first street, will give a reception on Thursday, Dec. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sewal, of 175 West Fifty-sighth street, will give a tea this after-

Fifty-eighth street, will give a tea this after-

Mrs. William Post and the Misses Post will Mrs. William Post and the Misses Post will pass the winter at Cannes.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Henry M. Van Rensselaer, of this city, and Miss Bertha Potter, of Germantown, Pa.

The marriage of Mr. W. W. Brooks and Miss Elizabeth Skillman will take place on Dec. 8. The reception after the wedding will be at the home of the bride's mother in East Forty-ni.th street.

Mrs. Wm. A. Hammond, of 43 West Fiftyfourth street, will give a reception on Dec. 17.

fourth street, will give a reception on Dec. 17.

The marriage of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, a naphew of Mr. William Allen Butler, and Miss Vincent will take place on Wednesday week. The Rev. Marvin Vincent, father of the bride, will officiate.

The marriage of Count Pennazzi, of Italy, and Miss Mimi Smith, sister of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, will shortly take place at Turin. The Entre Nous Club will give a reception at the West End Hall, in West Twenty-fifth street, on Dec. 1.

street, on Dec. 1, Mrs. John Achelis, of 159 Joralemon street, Brooklyn, will give a dance on Thursday

Brooklyn, will give a dance on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Hamilton G. Fish will visit Philadelphia this week. Many entertainments are projected in her honor. Mr. Benjamin Harris Brewster will give a large dinner for her.

Dr. and Mrs. Morris L. King, of West Fifty-sixth street, will receive a number of friends to-morrow evening, and also on the evening of Dec. 6.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Smith, of 65 East Sixtyfourth street, will give a tea on the afternoon of Dec. 17.

of Dec. 17.

The Elberon Club will give a reception on Wednesday evening, at Lenox Hall, in Seventy-second street.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes was obliged at

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes was obliged at the last moment to indefinitely postpone the reception for her daughter, which a very large number of guests were invited to attend on Saturday afternoon, owing to a sudden unexpected bereavement in the family. Mr. J. F. Plummer and his daughter have sailed on the Etruria for their home in this city.

city.
Mrs. D. Loomis, of 19 West Thirty-fourth Mrs. D. Loomis, of 19 West Thirty-fourth street, will give a reception on Dec. 7. Gen. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce will pass the winter in Washington. The annual meeting of the Peekskill Lawn-Tennis Club will be held on Saturday, Dec. 31. at Peekskill-on-the-Hudson. Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus and Miss Doremus, of 241 Madison avenue, will give a dance this evening.

evening.
Miss Lizzie Frick, of Baltimore, Miss Lizzie Frick, of Baltimore, will pass
the winter again in this city with her friend,
Mrs. Griswold Gray, of 9 Washington square.
A very large wedding in Washington in
January will be that of the Vicomte Arnaulet
de la Bassetiere and Miss O'Donnell, daughter
of the late Oliver O'Donnell.
Miss Clarice Hazletine Livingston will be
introduced on Dec. 13 at the ball to be

miss Charles Hazletine Livingston will be introduced on Dec. 12 at the ball to be given in her honor by her father, Mr. Edward Livingston.

Miss C. H. Pace, of Richmond, Va., is in town as the guest of Mrs. E. A. Smith, of 226 Madison avenue.

All to No Purpose.

To Messrs. W. B. RIKER & SOMS. Druggists; 353 6th ave., New York.

Sins: For several weeks after I arrived in this country I felt in a weak, exhausted state, having a heated and feverish feeling all over and a regular show of large spots having appeared on my body. I felt, indeed, very uneasy and I tried several remedies—pills and other medicines—but all to no purpose. I was advised by a friend, however, to get a bottle of "RIKERE'S SARRAFARILLA," as the high the house of the much releved. The burning heat left my skin and i was QUITE WELL in a short time. To any one requiring a splendid blood purifier I can confidently recommend "RIKER'S SARRAFARILLA" as the chespest and best medicine EVER MADE. This I write unsolicited, simply for the benefit of those who may suffer, not knowing the great value of this wonderful medicine.

June, 1886. THOMAS STOCKDALE.

#### AROUND THE THEATRES.

At Tony Pastor's Theatre to-night the usual

The production of "She," which was to take place at Niblo's this evening, has been postponed until to-morrow evening. At H. R. Jacobs's Third Avenue Theatre Aus-

un's Australian Novelty Company will be the attraction this week, beginning to-night, Mrs. Langtry on Saturday concluded the first week of the most successful engagement she has

played in Boston. The gross receipts were \$15,200. " Held by the Enemy," Gilbert's much-played play, will be presented" to the west-siders to-night at the Grand Opera-House, where it will surely prove a great attraction.

drama" entitled "Across the Atlantic" at Pool's Theatre to-night. There will be "songs, dances, fun, frolic and excitement," There will be a matinee this afternoon. At Harrigan's Park Theatre " Pete " has come to stay for a long time. Mr. Harrigan calls the piece

John W. Ransone will present his "comedy

some exceedingly catchy songs in " Pete," and the play is in Harrigan's best vein. Munkacsy's religious picture, "Christ on Calvary," is still on exhibition at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacie. Descriptive lectures are given each afternoon by the Rev. Dr. George L. Hunt,

the Itev. S. T. Graham and Prof. Dr. Baralt. "A Dark Secret" will be given for only six nore nights of the Academy of Music, where it has enjoyed an extremely prosperous sojourn. Next Nights" will be brought out in all its splendor.

At the Eden Musée there is plenty of enjoyment, Gen. Custer's last battle, the Chicago Anarchists and Giron's painting, entitled "Deux Sœurs," are worth seeing. Then there are Munczi Lajos and his orchestra, to say nothing of Ajeeb, "the mystifying chess automaton."

"The Wife" reigns supreme at the Lyceum The atre. The sorrows of two such people as Miss Georgia Cayvan and Mr. Herbert Kelcey are more than ordinarily interesting. Mr. Frohman's new stock company has no reason to complain that it has suffered from want of appreciation.

Young Josef Hofmann will give the first of his planoforte recitals to-morrow evening at the Metropolitan Opera-House, with an orchestra of one undred musicians, under the direction of Adolph Thursday afternoon, and the third on Saturday evening.

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre Denman Thompson is reaping a harvest with "The Old Homestead," of which people never seem to tire, Mr. Thompson is so sure of the vitality of this play that next season he will give it at the Academy of Music. When at Niblo's he played to the capacity of that large house.

" Conrad the Corsair" is still drawing audience to the Bijou Opera-House. There are one or two pretty numbers in it. To-night the full score of he burlesque will be given away to celebrate the fftieth performance. The occasion will doubtless e interesting, although there is the hateful possi bility that Rice will make a speech.

"School" will be presented at Wallack's for the ast time to-night, and to-morrow "Caste" will e seen. On Wednesday night Genevieve Ward' play "Forget Me Not" will be produced, with liss Rose Coghlan as the melodramatic Stephant. Mr. Abbey carefully explains that there can be no itigation in connection with this production.

There will be plenty of fun at Dockstader's tolight, though that will not change the order of events at that house. 'Stanton, the human farm gard," and " Thanksgiving at Washington Mar ket" will be the mediums for jokes and repartee. There will be a new song and dance "melange" for twelve people, entitled, "Twilight Gambola. "The Marquis," which is still crowding the Casino, will be continued this week, but next tonday night it will make way for "Madelon, which is said to be an extremely tuneful opera with well-worked out story-a feature, by the bye, which the comic operas of to-day sadly lack. 'The Marquis" will have been presented seventy-

eight times next Saturday.
The last week of "Faust" at the Star Theatre production in which Henry Irving and Miss Terry appear respectively as the saturnine Mephistopheles and the ingenuous Margaret still have a few op-portunities in which to rectify their error. Next Saturday Louis XI. will be produced. To-morrrow there will be a special matinée of "Faust" in aid

of the Beecher Monument Fund. For years Col. McCaull's admirers have been " at " him to produce an American opera, to encourage native talent and so forth. "The Begum" responds to the call. The authors hall from Chicago. There have been splendid houses at the Fifth Avenue Theatre since the first night of this production, and it is extremely probable that the business during the remaining two weeks of the engagement will be very large.

"The Martyr" is still attracting attention at the Madison Square Theatre, and people who cannot entirely agree with Mme. de Moray's sacrifice, from the standpoint of probability, like to see Mrs Agnes Booth as that misguided woman, "Risine s in preparation, and it will be welcome, inasmuc as it will re-introduce that most charming ingenue actress, Miss Annie Russell. " Elaine" has only been seen at a matinée given at the Madison Square

Don't miss "The Only Sin of the Late Duches de C." in THE WORLD to-morrow evening. A Stroke of Business.

[From L(fe.]]
He (desirable catch)—How slender Miss Wil She—Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs two hundred and forty now.

cent for me. If I do not seem to feel it as I

"SALONS" OF BRIGHT NEW YORK WOMEN, Everybody Who is Anybody Wants One, But It Requires Tact to Manage It.

[From the New Yorker.] It is getting to be the ambition of every New York woman, as it has long since been that of every Parisian dame to have a salon. To catch a desirable assortment of lions, to pare their claws. o induce them to roar gently as any sucking dove, to knot colored ribbons in their tawny manes and Harnum's on a more delicate and rose-scented scale—this is the new ideal, and social menageries

The salon proper, that is the political salon, does not exist in New York—partly from the nature of New York politics, and partly because the woman who could hold one has not yet appeared. In spite of the new interest of women in practical matters, even in politics, the woman at whose house statesmen—supposing statesmen abundant in New York—could rendezvous, discuss all sides of a question fairly and without heat, and feel as in the old French days that there was an open Parliament with a charmingly in elligent speaker whose smiles were sufficient guerdon for their oratory; a woman at whose nome politicians could be cheograged to defend their convictions—or shandon them, has not yet been evoived.

The New York salons are literary, musical, artistic or all three mixed. Politics is simost an unnot exist in New York-partly from the nature of

The New York salons are literary, musical, artistic or all three mixed. Politics is almost an unknown subject in them. None of them as yet is very extensive, though several are growing. A New York salon commonly takes the form of a "Sonday evening," and a woman, to have an attractive gathering every week, must be an agreable hostess, have plenty of fact, be above jealousy, and have more than an average share of orains.

The gatherings that come nearest to deserving the ambitious term of salon are not the result of

the ambitious term of salon are not the result of don-hunting. The have grown of their own a cord almost without knowledge of the woman wa their centre. They are impromptu, so to speak

is their centre. They are imprompts, so to speak, and the pleasantest meeting-places in the city.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Batar, has a salon of this kind, where one sees the people beat worth knowing in the city.

Kate Sanborn, who has a pretty said of rooms at the Windsor, is so witty and vivacious that witty and vivacious people gather to her by instinct.

Mme. Demorest's receptions are rather more of dress occasions but are frequented by people who can write and people who can speak and people who can appreciate other folks who do these things.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, of the Magazine of Amer tonn History, is a delightful hostess as people who are fortunate enough to be her guests know. Mrs. Croly, "Jenny June," and her daughter Vida have pleasant "at homes," where pleasant

people go.

Mrs. Laurs C. Hollowsy lives in Brooklyn and her Sunday evening drouch a wider circle of human interest than such gatherings often do.

Miss Lillie Devereux Blake, the woman suffrage writer and speaker, is at home to people with ideas, not all of them, by any means, of the more radical sort.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's evening are cosmopolitan and include about as many varieties of people, of the more interesting sorts, as there are in the

world.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has not entertained in New York much sayet, but her evenings are expected to be informal and on a more or less original plan.

A Parrot That Prays Every Evening.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]
A family living on Reed street, above Fourth, are the owners of a pretty poll parrot that has afready conclusively shown the evidence of early religious training. The bird is an unusually bright one, and it salutes the members of the family every morning with a regularity that is as interesting as it is remarkable. St. Alphonsus's German Catholic Church, on the southwest corner of Fourth and Reed streets, is provided with a set of chimes which, besides ringing on every Sunday and holy day, ring out the "Angelus" every evening. This is for the purpose of reminding pious Catholics who live within sound of the bells of a little prayer that is to be recited at that time of the day. Recently one little girl of the house began to call the attention of the parrot to the riuging of the chimes. The bird was a careful observer, and attentively watched the little one recite the prayer. Suddenly, one evening, as the bell rang out, the parrot imped from his perch to the bottom of its cage, and assuming a reverent position, bowed its head and mumbled the first lew words of the prayer. Since that time, it is claimed, the parrot is as regular and attentive to its daily prayers as any member of the family. one, and it salutes the members of the family

The Black Cat Costume for a Ball.

[From an Exchange.]
When last season a young débutante appeared at fashionable dance in a dress trimmed with a flight of stuffed canaries, and another lady flitted about with parrots' heads giaring at the beholder from all parts of her gorgeous costume, it was thought that the fashion could not go much further in its use of the dumb creation. The summit, however, was not yet reached, as a Paris letter says that a favorite dress at faucy dress balls this winter will undoubtedly be the black cat costume—a low-necked and sleeveless corsage and tunic in gold-yellow satin, cut in one, in the princesse style. The latter is looped over a short underskirt in black velvet, and is bordered with a row of little figures of Napoleon cut out of black velvet. On the left side of the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the tail curving over the wearer's shoulder, while the outstretched forelegs of the animal claw up one side of the overskirt. Long black gloves reaching above the cibow, gold-yellow silk stockings and black satin slippers complete the toilet. parts of her gorgeous costume, it was thought that

[From the London Times.] census of the Empire, and as it was for taxing pur-poses the proneness to disbelieve in the large estinates must be modified accordingly. The figures mates must be modified accordingly. The figures returned by the village balliffs make the population 516, 383,500, which, together with the estimates of five provinces omitted, makes the aggregate about 192,000,000. These figures are independent of the population of Corea, Thibet and Kashgar. As the population of India exceeda 250,000,000, the Hindoos and Chinese constitute more than half the entire human race.

Hatching-Muchines for Paris Babies.

[From the Pall Hall Gazette.]
It may not be generally known that hatchingmachines have recently been introduced in the Paris lying-in hospitals for the saving of infants prematurely born or otherwise deficient in vitality. The evstem appears to have been eminetly suc The system appears to have been eminetly successful. The object of the machine is to supply the weak nittle things with the heat necessary to attain to strength and materity. New-born babies weighing from two to two and a haif pounds, instead of four and a haif pounds, the average weight, and which were condemned to early death, have been placed in these machines, and in a short time they have come out strong and healthy. The apparatus is similar to the egg-hatching machine.

### Sneezing Catarrh.

The distressing sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, the scrid, watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful infammation extending to the throat, the swelling of the mucous lining, esusing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in the head and splitting headsches-how familiar these symptoms are to thousands who suffer periodically from head colds or influenza, and who live in gnorance of the fact that a single application of San-FORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH will afford fastas

s faint idea of what this remedy will do in the chronic forms, where the breathing is obstructed by choking, putrid inacons accumulations, the bearing affected, smell and taste gone, throat alcerated and backing cough gradually fastening itself upon the debilitated system. Then it is that the marrellous curative power of SAN-FORD's RADICAL CURE/manifests itself in instantaneous and grateful relief. Cure begins from the first application. It is rapid, radical, permanent, economical, safe an IMPROVED ISHALER; price, #1.
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Chest Pains, Soroness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthme, Pieuries and inflammation relieved 1: one minute and assistant Pain Plaster. A new, instantaneous and infallible antidote to pain, inflammatton and weakness of the Chest and Lungs. The first and only pain-killing plaster. All druggists, 25 cents, fire for \$1.05 or, postage free, POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

It is in the form of a large wooden box, divide into two compartments; one is filled with a water and the other contains a basket filled wadding, into which the infant is deposited. It is is supplied with a glass pane to enable movements of the little lumates to be water. movements of the little lumates to be watched.
The machine is under the constant surveillance of
a nurse, who reports to the medical director the
various phases of incubation. Dr. Pland, of the
Laribolalere Hospital, and Dr. Tarnier, of the
Maternite, have several of these machines working under their care at the present moment.

A Lawyer's First Lesson.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]
I remember very well the first case I over had to lefend. My client had "tuck a hog." My father left me to make my own beginning and to wrestle with justice alone, I said: "Jim, when you are called plead not guilty, and ask for trial by jury." ''Yes, sah,'' said Jim.

When Jim was called he stood up, and the clerk read in his stereotyped way the indictment, ending, "contrary to the form and statute," &c., and

"contrary to the folial and contrary to the folial asked:

"Whereof are you guilty or not guilty?"

"San?" said Jim.

"Read it over," said the Judge; and over again it was accordingly read, and to the same concluding interrogation Jim again responded, "San?"

"See here, you!" said the Judge, "he is asking you if you took that hog or not." And to my horror Jim scratched his head and with a confiding smile said: "Yes, sah, Jedge, I tuck de hog," smile said: "Yes, sah, Jedge, I tuck de hog," and so ended my first lesson.

Romance in High Life.

[From Life.]
Party in Background—But, Jimmie and Mand— Hero (with pistol)-We are no longer Maud and fimmle. When we turned our backs upon you village this damsel became the Tiesel-faced Cruller, the Daisy of the Wigwam, whilst I—ua, hat—assumed the title of Venom-totthed Hosin Eye, the Mingo's Terror; so follow us at your peril; we are on the war-pata, and our way is towards the set-

any such person as the fool-killer?" "Oh, I guess not; I don't know," said Charley, who was reading the morning paper.

"Well, Charley, all I wanted to say is, please den't go out after dark any more until you find out."

She Was Careful of Him.

New Item in the Cost of a Wedding. (From the Philadelphia Times.)
It is an item in the cost of a wedding nowadays o hire "family servants" enough and to costume them properly to make a good showing in the pews reserved for the retainers who want to see the flower of the family joined in the fashionable bond

Willie's Idea of a Long Journey.

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.] marked a little Pittsburg boy as he watched

funeral procession go past.
\*\* Why, Willie?" asked his mamma.
\*\* Because the carriages go so slow."

A Little Mixed. [From Judge, 1 Miss Skeen-Where did you graduate from, Mr.

Mr. Gill—From the school of pharmacy.

Miss Skeen (with surprise)—Is it possible? What a strange choice for a young man brought up in the city! but if I remember rightly your grandfather was a farmer, too.

The Regular Discount

[Pross Life.] Miss Follibud—Can you tell me, Mr. Merchant, why they did not hang those two Anarchists is Chicago 7 Mr. Merchant—Oh, that was trade discount, \$3%

He Would Do His Part. (From Texas S(frings.) Mianche—Yes, George, and does your heart best responsively to some one's?

Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost sup-port myself, and I think lt's a presty mean girl that won't help a little bit."

[From the Pitteburg Chronicle.]
"How are collections to-day?" asked a man of

a bill collector yesterday. "Slow, very slow; can't even collect my

Certainly Cught To Be. [From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]
Sixty miles of blazes in Arkansas! Helen ought
to be satisfied now.

Sam's Subpone. [From the New Orleans Ple Once during a jury trial Judge R-suddenly and said to the Sheriff;

jury."

Mr. D.—, after counting with his finger, convoluted the Judge. The clerk was ordered to call the jury. He did so, and there were but twelve responses. This the Judge, Sheriff and Clerk held a conference, the result of which was that the jurger about up in answer to their names. Presently twe individuals arose together—one white, the other a negro. The former had his summons as a juror; the latter had been subpuenaed as a winces.

"Come here," said the Judge, "and show me your subporns."

Sam advanced close up to His Honor and stuck out his tongue for inspection! As soon as the lauch subsidied the Judge said kindly:

"Sam, you need calomel and of course cin" stay on the jury."

Sam was nonplused at another explosion from the audience.

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crouched down upon a bale of goods, with her veil upon her face, and her hand within her bosom.

"We are alon, now," said Harry in a gallant tone. "Let me see your face, my angel! You cannot imagine how I long to meet those eyes!"

Something, which might have been either a sob or a laugh, came from beneath the woman's veil; she whispered again. "Are those shutters closed? See, will you?"

Harry turned to look at them. It was but a moment; but, in that brief space of time, he felt a heavy hand upon his throat, and saw a cloak and bonnet lying on the floor. A stalwart ruffian, with a pistol in his hand, stood over him, and he saw, in a moment, that he had been duped.

"Aha!" muttered the course voice of the man.—"aha! You wanted hisses and embraces, did you? My 'Liza has played her part bravely! You've opened the door for un, and shall open the safe, and shall never live to teil of it, either! So you thought 'Liza was in love with you, and was a rich lady, did you? Ha, ha, you poor fool!"

There was a desperate struggle now, but Harry was unarmed and in a little while he lay prostrate on the floor with the ruffian's pistol at his breast. It was all over. He gave one bitter thought of his own folly—one remorseful one to Rose—and closed his eyes—closed them, to open them again in wild amazement, to see the robber senseless on the floor and his own wife—his fair, slendar Rose—standing over him with a billet of wood in her hand. She had saved him, And in his penitence and shame he fell at her feet, as one might fall before a sacre-shrine.

He never forgot it. He never betrayed the sweet foreiveness she accorded to him in his

never watches long.

Get THE WORLD to-morrow evening and read

"The Only Sin of the Late Ducheses de C,"

# THE HUSBAND'S LESSON.

"I wonder why he stays so late?" The woman who uttered these words had repeated them a hundred times since the bright autumn sunset in which she first sat down beside the window to watch and listen for her husband's coming; and it was quite dark now, and still she pressed her soft

dark now, and still she pressed her soft cheek to the casement, and peered into the shadows with her clear, blue eyes.

She was very beautiful and very young. But for the wedding ring upon her hand you would have called her a girl, and have believed her to be waiting for a lover's and not a husband's coming. Yet she had been married three long years, and he, to whom she had given all her heart when she stood beside him at the altar, already neglected her, and laft her to watch evening after evening, night after night, for the tardy footstep which, in after night, for the tardy footstep which, in

the old days of courtship, had been the very scho of her own.

Something akin to regret was in her heart to night, as she remembered, as only a neglected wife can, the love and tenderness of those past hours. How he used to gaze into her eyes, and sing to her, and bring her flowers, and books, and music!

Why had he changed? Was it her fault? The tears would come to the blue eyes now, and she was wiping them away, when the light of a learn fall.

"Oh, it's all right. I'm glad you didn't wait," said the husband, in a careless, off-handed manner, which was peculiarly his own, and which had a singular charm about it. "Go on with your dinner, Rose. I'll help myself."

And so he did sation.

a burning shame! Such a pretty young critter, and he used to make an idol of her!"
And then, setting down the lamp, she added, aloud, "Come, ma'am, come to dinner. You know as well as I do that Mr. Powell won't be here for hours and hours, and it's wrong of you to injure your health in this way. Do come down."

come down."

The young wife arose, in obedience to the summons of the old servant—for Hepsiba had been her nurse when she was a little child, and was a privileged person, and not without some influence; and followed her conductress me down.

the pavement.

tite, and talking, all the while, more merrily than he had done for a long time.

It was like old times, Rose thought, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks caught a soft glow in the firelight, as she caught her husband looking at her tenderly and admirately the state of t

ingly.
"He loves me still," she said to herself.
"Oh, I am sure of it! Dear Harry! he loves me still." And so, when they were in the parlor, And so, when they were in the parlor, alone together, she put her hand upon his arm, as he stood before the fire, and said to him, softly, "Harry, you'll not be angry with me if I say something to you—something which was in my heart as I sat waiting for you by that window an hour ago?"

"Angry with you, Rose!" he answered.
"Oh, no!"

And he passed his arm about her waist, and drew her closely to him.

"I thought," she went on. "I thought, Harry, while I sat there, of our old lovers' walks, and of the winter evenings we spent together, when neither for a moment were weary of each other; and then—for I was lonely, and a little tired—I thought you did not care to be with me as you did then, and that you had grown tired of me, and I made up my mind to ask you if it was so, and, if it were, why? Oh, Harry! if there are any faults or failings in me that turn your heart from me, tell me of them, that I may mend them, and win it back again. If I unconsciously do aught to anger you, let me know it, and I will be all you wish from that very moment; only, Harry, do not let me feel your heart estranged. Now, when I need your did when I was a girl." And he passed his arm about her waist, and

And the tears would be restrained no longer, but poured themselves out upon his bosom, for he held her closely there, and spoke in a passionate, remorasful way that almost frightened her. Part of what he said was so cold that she could not comprehend it. But while she lived she always remem-

should it is my own s m and not your fault. Blame me, if you like: but never—never re-proach yourself. Oh, my white rose! My spotless blossom! Why am I not worthier of Then he kissed her-kissed her on her eyes, and lips and forehead. And at that very moment there reposed at the bottom of Harry Powell's pocket a note, written in a woman's hand, containing only these words: "I can meet you at your office at 12 o'clock tonight," and signed, "Amanda."

meet you at your office at 12 o'clock tonight," and signed, "Amanda."

Harry Powell was a hot-headed, impulsive
fellow, and had been, from a boy, an ardent
admirer of dashing, brilliant women. When
he found himself in love with the mild, fair
gentle Rose Forest, he wondered how anything so quiet could have won it. Still
he was in love, and deeply. Being what he
was, he would have married her if all the
world had opposed their union. As it was,
there were no obstacles in his way, for her
heart was his; and the rivals who frowned
upon him, and the maiden aunts who shook
their heads, and called him a very wild young
man, were disregarded. And so he took her
from the old homestead, where she had been
so tenderly cared for, to his own home, to be
its life-long mistress. At first he had only
been a little thoughtless at times, and had
dried every tear she shed with kisses. For
though champagne and cigars, and Tom,
Dick and Harry, had their old charms for
him, he valued her sbove them all, and she
knew it well.

knew it well.

Only a year before, the spell which had of late kept him from her side, had begun to distil its deadly poison, and chain him, body and soul. He was the confidential clerk of a wealthy establishment, and, as such, had at times heavy responsibilities upon his shoulders. Important papers and great sums of recovery were step his care, and he was of money were often his care, and he was trusted as few men are by their employers. They were right in reposing their confidence in him thus implicitly; for, wild though he was, there was not one atom of the swindler in his composition. The keys of the great

safes were always within his reach! and safes were always within his reach and sometimes he was left alone to receive large payments, and to lock them up. There had been a time when rumors of a meditated rob-bery had reached the firm, and he had car-ried loaded pistols in his bosom, night and was at that time, twelve months ago, he had first met with the woman who

had written the note which now lay within his pocket. A beautiful woman he thought her; and strange it seemed to him at first that she should follow him with her eyes, and that she should follow him with her eyes, and seem to watch for him in the most unfrequented places. At last a perfumed note came, and he read that she had invited him. It was a daring declaration—all the more astonishing because the writer professed herself to be a wealthy woman and a wife. It would have disgusted many men, but Harry Powell liked "queer" adventures, and had a penchant for daring women. So he met her, and in a little while Rose was only second in his heart, while this mysterious woman haunted his dreams by day and night. Thus far he had been unfaithful to his wife only in thought. But the siren who had bewitched him was to meet him in his office at midnight!

There had been a moment when Rose wept upon his besom, and he thought of all her

There had been a moment when Rose wept upon his bosom, and he thought of all her purity and truth, in which Hary Powell had resolved to break his appointment, and forget his unholy love for ever. But the mood passed off; and, with the return of his old self, came a remembrance of those black eyes and red lips, those tender glances and bold professions of affection. Good, beautiful Rose grew tame in comparison; and, when the time-piece told the hour of 11, he started to his feet.

"Go to bed, Rose," he said, "I have a hus-'Go to bed, Rose," he said, "I have a bus-

iness appointment to night that I had nearly forgotten. I will be back as soon as I can." "A business appointment at this hour." thought Rose in surprise.

But he was gone before she could put her thoughts into words; and, still full of her new-found happiness, she went upstairs to her own white-curtained chamber. Harry

had been up before her, and had changed had been up before her, and had changed his dress, leaving his every day garments lying untidily about. As she picked them up a paper fluttered from his vest-pocket—a folded paper, perfumed with musk. She opened it with a strange sinking of the heart, and read her wicked rival's note.

She did not scream or tear her hair, as many would have done; but, with a low moan, she sat down upon the carpet, rocking herself to and fro. So this was the reason.

moan, she sat down upon the carpet, rocking herself to and fro. So this was the reason of his neglect—of his remorseful self-roproach to night! A worthless woman, who could make such an appointment—a creature below contempt or hate! She, true and pure as she was, was slighted for so foul a thing.

"I will confront them," she muttered.
"I will see him once more, and never again in all my life. I will show him how the crushed worm can turn. I will be a miserable dupe no longer!"

And with these words, uttered in a harsh voice, which did not seem her own, and with a face so changed that no one would have recognised it, she donned her hood and cloak, and stole into the darkness of the night.

cloak, and stole into the darkness of the night.

On she went towards the city, a slender figure bending beneath its weight of wee. She heeded nothing, and glided on until she stood opposite the window of her husband's office, and saw the gleam of lamp-light through an aperture in the closed shutters. Then Rose uttered one silent prayer for strength, tried the door, found it open, and passed in.

In the meanwhile, Harry Powell has reached the rendezvous early, and had waited some moments before the figure of a cloaked and hooded woman came up the silent street, and stood beside him; she was veiled, so that he could not see her features, but he knew that she was fearful of discovery, and did not wonder that it should be so.

"I have been anxionaly awaiting you," he whispered; and she answered, in a still lower tone, "I have been watched! Make haste in—I am frightened!"

tone, "I have been watched! Make haste in

—I am frightened!"

And Harry led the way in, and lit the gas.

shrine.

He never forgot it. He never betrayed the sweet forgiveness she accorded to him in his humiliation; and though they are old people now, with grandchildren about them, she she still watches for him in the twilight and